

The DRUNKARD's Legacy.

IN THREE PARTS.



PART I.

YOUNG people all I pray draw near,
And listen to my ditty here,
Which subject shews that drunkenness
Brings many mortals to distress.

As for example now, I can
Tell you of one, a gentleman,
Who had a very good estate,
His earthly travels they were great.

We understand he had a son,
Who a lewd wicked race did run,
He daily spent his father's store,
When moneyless he came for more.

The father often-times with tears
Would sound this alarm in his ears,
Son, thou dost all thy comforts blast,
And thou wilt come to want at last.

The son these words did little mind,
To cards and dice he was inclin'd,
Feeding his drunken appetite,
In taverns which was his delight.

The father ere it was too late,
He had a project in his pate,
Before his aged days were gone
To make provision for his son.

Near to his house we understand
He had a waste plot of land,
Which did but little profit yield
On which he had a cottage built.

The Wife-Man's-Project was it's name,
There was few windows in the same,
Only one door, substantial thing,
Shut by a lock, went by a spring.

Soon after he had play'd this trick,
It was his lot for to fall sick,
As on his bed he did lament,
Then for his drunken son he sent.

Who sent for, came to his bed-side,
Seeing his son he then reply'd,
I sent for you to make my will,
Which do you faithfully fulfil.



To such one cottage is one door,
Ne'er open it do thou be sure,
Until thou art so poor that all
Do then despise you, great and small.

For to my grief I do perceive,
When I am dead, this life you live
Will soon melt all thou hast away,
Do not forget these words I pray.

When thou hast made thy friends thy foes,
Pawn'd all thy lands and sold thy cloaths,
Break open the door, and there depend
To find something thy grief to end.

Thus being spoke, the son did say,
Your dying words I will obey,
Soon after this his father dear
Did die and buried was, we hear.

PART II.

NOW pray observe the second part,
And you shall hear his sottish heart;
He did in taverns so frequent,
Till he three hundred pounds had spent.

This being done we understand
He pawn'd the deeds of all his land,
Unto a tavern-keeper, who
When poor did him no favour shew.

For to fulfil his father's will,
He did command this cottage still;
At length great sorrow was his share,
Quite moneyless with garments bare.

Being not able for to work,
He in the tavern there did lurk,
From box to box among rich men,
Who often-times revil'd him then.

To see him sneak so up-and-down,
The vintner on him he did frown,
And one night kick'd him out of door,
Charging him to come there no more.

He in a stall did lie all night,
In this most sad and wretched plight,
Then thought it was high time for he
His father's legacy to see.

Next morning then oppress with woe,
This young man got an iron-crow,
And as in tears he did lament,
Unto this little cottage went.

When he this door had open got,
This poor distressed drunken sot,
Who did for store of money hope,
He saw a gibbet and a rope.

Under this rope was plac'd a stool,
Which made him look much like a fool,
Crying, Alas! what shall I do,
Destruction now appears in view.

As my father foresaw this thing,
What sottishness to me would bring,
As moneyless and free of grace,
His legacy I will embrace.



So then oppress with discontent,
Upon the stool he sighing went,
And then his precious life to check,
Did place this rope about his neck.

Crying, thou God, who sit'st on high,
Who on my sorrows hast an eye;
But thou know'st I have not done well,
Preserve my precious soul from Hell.

'Tis true the slighting of thy grace
Brought me to this most wretched case.
And as thro' folly I'm undone,
I'll now eclipse my morning-sun.

When he with sighs these words had spoke,
Jump'd off, and down the gibbet broke;
In falling as it plain appears,
Dropp'd down about this young man's ears,

In shining gold, a thousand pound,
Which made the blood his ears surround.
Tho' in amaze, he cry'd, I'm sure,
This golden salve will heal the sore.

Blest be my father, then he cry'd,
Who did this portion for me hide,
And while I do alive remain,
I never will be drunk again.

PART III.

NOW by third part you will hear
This young man as it does appear,
With care he then secur'd his chink,
And to this vintner went to drink.

When the proud vintner did him see,
He frown'd on him immediately.
And said, Begone, or else with speed
I'll kick thee out of doors indeed.

With smiles the young man he did say,
Thou cruel knave, tell me I pray,
As I have here consum'd my store,
What makes thee kick me out of door.

To me thou hast been too severe,
The deeds of eight-score pounds a year,
I pawn'd them for three hundred pound,
Which I spent here, what makes thee frown?

The vintner said unto him, Sirrah,
Bring me one hundred pounds to-morrow,
By nine o'clock, take them again,
So get you out of doors till then.

He answer'd, If this chink I bring,
I fear thou wilt do no such thing.
He said, I'll give under mine hand,
A note, that I to this will stand.

Having the note, away he goes,
And straightway went to one of those
Who made him drink when moneyless,
And did the truth to him confess.

They both went to this heap of gold,
Where in a bag he fairly told,
A thousand pounds in yellow boys,
And to this tavern went their ways.

This bag they on the table set,
Which made the vintner for to fret,
And said, Young man, this will not do,
For I was but in jest with you.

So then bespoke this young man's friend,
And vintner thou may'st depend,
In law this note it will you cost,
And he must have his land at last.

This made the vintner to comply,
Who fetch'd the deeds immediately,
He had one hundred pounds, and then
The young man got his deeds again.

At length the vintner for to think,
How he was fool'd out of his chink,
Said, When 'tis found how I came off,
My neighbours will me game and scoff.

So to prevent their game and laughter,
The vintner in a few days after,
Being void of grace, as will appear,
He cut his throat from ear to ear.

Thus he untimely left the world,
Who to this young man prov'd a churl;
Now he who follow'd drunkenness,
Lives sober and his lands possess.

Instead of wasting of his store,
As formerly, resolves no more
To act the same, but does indeed
Poor fatherless and mother feed.

And let all young men for my sake,
Take care how you such havock make,
For drunkenness you plain may see,
Was near my ruin for to be.